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# Senior Recital: Michael Lewis, baritone

Michael Lewis

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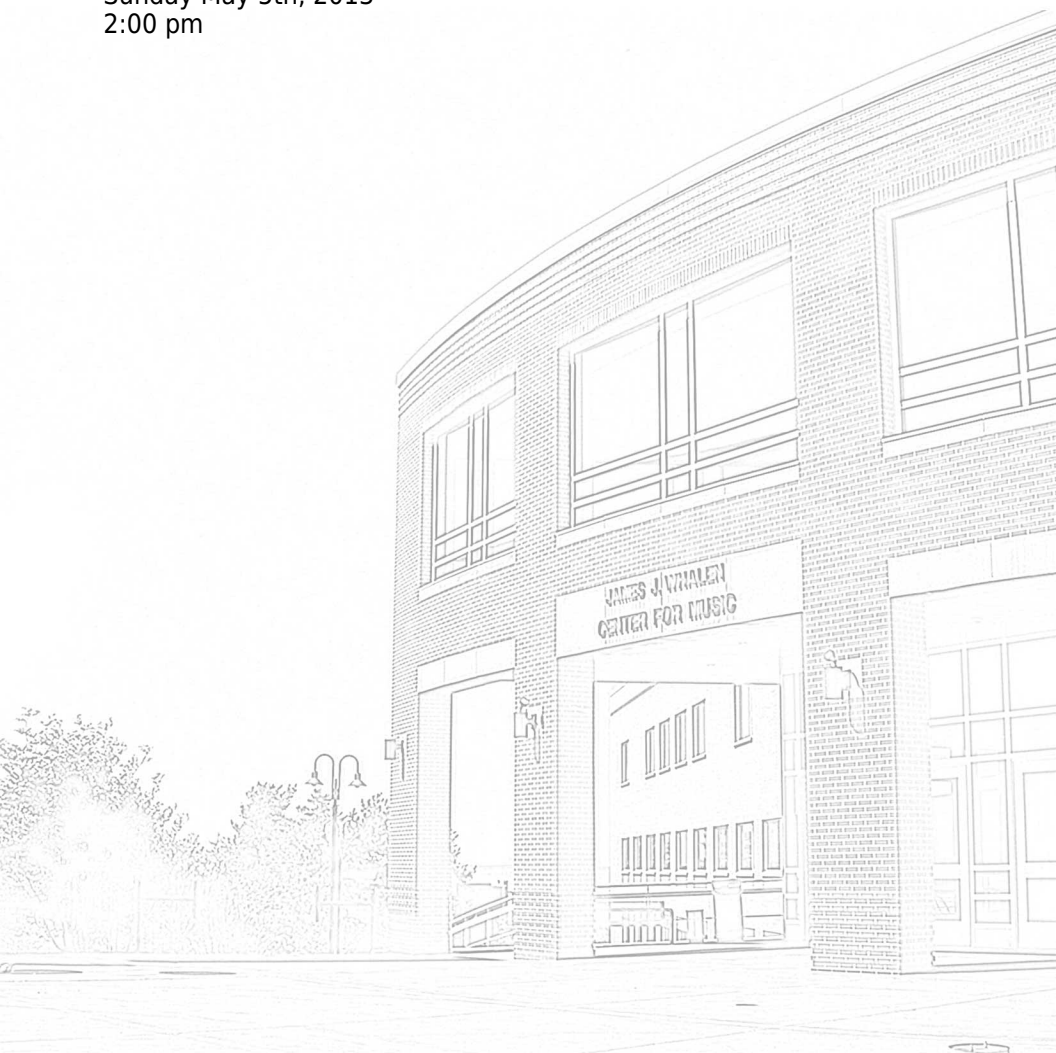
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# **Senior Recital:** Michael Lewis, baritone

Blaise Bryski, pianist

Ford Hall  
Sunday May 5th, 2013  
2:00 pm



## **ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

*Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.*

# Program

Der Tambour	Hugo Wolf
Um Mitternacht	(1860-1903)
Verborgenheit	
Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen	
Zur Ruh, zur Ruh	

Priez pour paix	Francis Poulenc
	(1899-1963)
Nuit d'etoiles	Claude Debussy
	(1862-1918)
Reves	Maurice Ravel
	(1875-1953)
La belle au bois dormant	C. Debussy

# Intermission

Oscuro è il ciel	Ildebrando Pizzetti
	(1880-1968)
L'assiuolo	Riccardo Zandonai
	(1883-1944)
Mattinata	Ruggiero Leoncavallo
	(1857-1917)

Night	Ned Rorem
Rain in Spring	(b. 1923)
He Walks Beneath the Stars	
Ferry Me Across the Water	
Early in the Morning	

The Masochism Tango	Tom Lehrer
from <i>Too Many Songs</i>	(b. 1928)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Michael Lewis is  
from the studio of David Parks.

# Hugo Wolf

## Der Tambour

### Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt,

Da müßt sie mit dem Regiment,  
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,  
Und wär die Marketenderin.  
Im Lager, wohl um Mitternacht,  
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,  
Und Alles schnarchet, Roß und Mann,  
Vor meiner Trommel säß' ich dann:  
Die Trommel müßt' eine Schüssel sein,  
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein,  
Die Schlegel Messer und Gabel,  
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,  
Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,  
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.  
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,  
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;  
Scheint er auch auf Franzö'sch herein,  
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:  
Ach weh!  
Jetzt hat der Spaß ein End!  
Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt!

## Um Mitternacht

Gelassen stieg die Nacht an's Land,  
lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,  
ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wage nun  
der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;  
und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor  
sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht in's Ohr  
vom Tage, vom heute gewesenen Tage.

Das uralte alte Schlummerlied,  
sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es müd';  
ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süßer noch  
der flüchtigen Stunden  
gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.  
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das  
Wort  
es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch  
fort  
vom Tage, vom heute gewesenen Tage.

## Verborgenheit

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

## The Drummer Boy

If my mother could work magic  
she would go off with the regiment  
to France. She would travel with them  
and be a camp follower selling supplies.  
In camp at midnight  
when there is no one up but the watch  
and all are snoring, horses and men,  
that's when I'd sit in front of my drum.  
The drum would turn into a bowl  
with warm sauerkraut in it  
The drumsticks, knife and fork,  
a long sausage - that was my sabre.  
My shako would be a good mug  
that I would fill with burgundy's blood.  
And because I would not have a light  
the moon would shine into my tent.  
Even if it was shining in French  
I would still be reminded of my love.  
Oh dear!  
That's brought the fun to an end.  
If only my mother could work magic.

## At Midnight

The night ascends calmly over the land,  
leaning dreamily against the mountain,  
its eyes now on the golden scales of  
time, in a similar poise of quiet peace;  
and boldly murmur the springs,  
singing to Mother Night, in her ear,  
of the day that was today.

To the ancient lullaby  
she pays no attention; she is weary.  
To her, the blue heaven sounds sweeter,  
the curved yoke of fleeing hours.

Yet the springs keep murmuring,  
and the water keeps singing in slumber  
of the day that was today.

## Seclusion

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, die mich drückt,  
Woniglich in meiner Brust.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

**Nun laß uns Frieden schließen ,**  
liebstes Leben,

Zu lang ist's schon daß wir in Fehde  
liegen.

Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir  
ergeben;

Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod  
bekriegen?

Es schließen Frieden Könige und  
Fürsten,

Und sollen Liebende nicht darnach  
dürsten?

Es schließen Frieden Fürsten und  
Soldaten,

Und sollt' es zwei Verliebten wohl  
mißraten?

Meinst du, daß, was so großen Herrn  
gelingt,

Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht  
vollbringt?

**Zur Ruh', zur Ruh',**

Ihr müden Glieder!

Schließt fest euch zu,

Ihr Augenlider!

Ich bin allein,

Fort ist die Erde;

Nacht muß es sein,

Daß Licht mir werde;

O führt mich ganz,

Ihr innern Mächte!

Hin zu dem Glanz

Der tiefsten Nächte.

Fort aus dem Raum

Der Erdschmerzen

Durch Nacht und Traum

Zum Mutterherzen!

What I mourn, I know not.

It is an unknown pain;

Forever through tears shall I see

The sun's love-light.

Often, I am scarcely conscious

And the bright joys break

Through the pain, thus pressing

Delightfully into my breast.

Oh, world, let me be!

Entice me not with gifts of love.

Let this heart in solitude have

Your bliss, your pain!

**Now let us make peace,** dearest life.

It's been too long that we have feuded.

If you are unwilling, I will yield to you;

How could we wage war to the death?

Kings and princes make peace,

And should not lovers crave it?

Princes and soldiers make peace -

Should two who are in love fail to do  
likewise?

Do you think that what such great men  
succeed in,

A pair of contented hearts shall not  
accomplish?

**To sleep, to sleep,**

you exhausted limbs!

Close fast,

you eyelids!

I am alone

the world has gone on without me;

It must be night

that becomes my lantern;

O guide me well,

inner powers!

to the splendour

of deepest night -

out of the realm

of earthly pain

through night and dream

to the heart of life!

## Rêver

**Priez pour paix** Douce Vierge Marie  
Reyne des cieulx et du monde maîtresse  
Faictes prier par vostre courtoisie  
Saints et saintes et prenez votre  
adresse

Vers vostre Fils Requerant sa haultesse  
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder  
Que de son sang a voulu racheter  
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye  
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser  
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix  
Le vray trésor de joye.

**Nuit d'étoiles**, sous tes voiles,  
sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre qui soupire,  
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore  
au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine  
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

### Rêves

#### Un enfant court

Autour des marbres...  
Une voix sourd  
Des hauts parages...  
Les yeux si tendres  
De ceux qui t'aiment  
Songent et passent  
Entre les arbres...  
Aux grandes orgues  
De quelque gare  
Gronde la vague  
Des grands départs...  
Dans un vieux rêve  
Au pays vague  
Des choses brèves  
Qui meurent sages...

**Pray for peace**, sweet Virgin Mary,  
Queen of Heaven, mistress of the world.  
In your courtesy, have  
the saints pray too,

and address your Son,  
begging to look on His people,  
whom He redeemed with His blood,  
and to banish war which destroys all.  
Do not weary of our prayers.  
Pray for peace, pray for peace,  
the true treasure of joy.

**Night of stars**, beneath your veils,  
Beneath your breezes and your scents,  
A sad lyre that sighs,  
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting  
In the depth of my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain  
Your gaze, blue as the sky;  
This rose, it is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.

### Dreams

A child runs  
around the marble statue...  
A voice rises up  
from the vicinity...  
The tenderest eyes  
of those who love you  
think and pass  
between the trees...  
From the great organs  
of some railway station  
rumbles the wave  
of great departures...  
In an old dream  
in a vague countryside  
some brief things  
which die quietly...

### **La Belle au Bois dormant**

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,  
Un chevalier va par la brune,  
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.  
Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,  
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Dans la poussière des batailles,  
Il a tué loyal et droit,  
En frappant d'estoc et de taille,  
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.  
Dormez au bois, où la verveine,  
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,  
Monté sur son grand destrier,  
Il court, il court à perdre haleine,  
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.  
Dormez la Belle au Bois, rêvez  
Q'un prince vous épouserez.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,  
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,  
Son destrier perle de sang  
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.  
Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle  
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,  
Le chevalier qui par la brune,  
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.  
Ne dormez plus, La Belle au Bois,  
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

### **Sleeping Beauty in the Wood**

Holes in his vermilion doublet,  
A knight goes by in the dusk,  
His hair very full of sun  
Under a helmet the colour of the moon.  
Always sleep, sleep in the wood,  
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of the battles,  
He killed honest and right,  
By cut and thrust,  
As a king would strike.  
Sleep in the wood, where verbena  
flowers with the marjoram.

Through the mountains and the plain,  
Mounted on his large charger, he races,  
He races breathless,  
Straight ahead on his stirrups.  
Sleep, Beauty in the Wood,  
Dream that a prince will marry you.

In the forest of white lilacs,  
Under the golden spur that excites him,  
The charger beads with blood  
the white lilacs, and goes more quickly.  
Sleep in the wood, sleep, Beauty,  
Under your lace curtains.

But he took the vermilion ring,  
The knight in the dusk,  
With hair full of sun,  
Under a moon-colored helmet.  
Sleep no more, Beauty in the Wood,  
the ring is no longer on your finger.



## Italian Art Songs of the 20th Century

### **Oscuro è il ciel;**

Nell'onde la luna già s'asconde  
E in seno al mar le Plejadi  
Già discendendo van.  
È mezzanotte,  
E l'ora passa frattanto,  
E sola qui sulle piume  
Ancora veglio ed attendo in van.

### **L'assiuolo**

#### **Dov'era la luna? Ché il cielo**

notava in un'alba di perla,  
ed ergersi il mandorlo e il melo  
parevano a meglio vederla.  
Venivano soffi di lampi  
da un nero di nubi laggiù:  
veniva una voce dai campi:  
chiù...  
Le stelle lucevano rare  
tra mezzo alla nebbia di latte:  
sentivo il cullare del mare,  
sentivo un fru fru tra le fratte;  
sentivo nel cuore un sussulto,  
com'eco d'un grido che fu.  
Sonava lontano il singulto:  
chiù...  
Su tutte le lucide vette  
tremava un sospiro di vento;  
squassavano le cavallette  
finissimi sistri d'argento  
(tintinni a invisibili porte  
che forse non s'aprono più?... );  
e c'era quel pianto di morte...  
chiù...

### **Mattinata**

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,  
Di già con le rose sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!  
Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato già par,  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:  
Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non sei la luce manca,  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor! etc.

### **Dark is the sky;**

The moon is hidden in the waves  
And into the sea the Pleiades sink  
Already descending.  
It's midnight,  
And time passes meanwhile,  
And only here on the feathers  
Still awake and waiting in vain.

### **The Scops Owl**

Where was the moon? Since the sky  
showed a pearl-coloured halo  
and the almond and pear trees  
seemed to rise up to see it.  
Breaths of lightning came  
from a dark cloud in the distance;  
and a voice rose up from the fields;  
twoo...  
Only a few stars shone  
in the midst of the milk-like mist:  
I heard the rocking sound of the sea,  
I heard a rustling in the thickets  
I felt a leap in my heart  
like the echo of a long-past cry.  
Distant sounded the sobbing:  
twoo...  
On all the bright peaks  
there trembled a breath of wind:  
the grasshoppers shook  
their fine silvery rattles  
(perhaps the tinkling of invisible doors  
that no longer opened?)  
and the cry of death continued,  
twoo...

### **Morning**

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the sun,  
and with pink fingers  
caresses the myriads with flowers.  
A mysterious trembling seems  
to disturb all nature,  
yet you will not get up, and vainly  
I stand here sadly and sing.  
Dress yourself, too, in white  
and open the door to your serenader!  
Where you are not, all is dark,  
where you are, love is born! etc.